

## THE "CORPORATION PLATE."

What is yon' quivering clod of earth,  
That in the gutter lies?  
Sad subject of those urchins' mirth,  
Who watch its agonies?

Can it be man's most faithful friend,  
The guardian of his hearth—  
THE DOG, who meeting thus his end,  
Goes back to Mother Earth?

It is—poor Fido's race is run,  
His body strychnine racks;  
And would you know what harm he's done?—  
He has not paid the tax!

So dogs and carters pray take care,  
You'll sure meet Fido's fate,  
If in the streets you do not wear  
The Corporation Plate.

You "Cabbies" wear it on your breasts,  
You "Doggies" on your collars;  
If you evade the laws' behests,  
They'll take your life—or dollars!

## ZEKE TRIMBLE ON "OUR PUBLIC MEN."

DEER OLD DI.

Thay hev giv a dinner to John Rose at thee St. Lawrence Hall,—tickits six dollars a pees. Sum wood say this wos a cheep way of gittin rid of a frend. A spirit from thee vasty deep, mite ask—Whot wos thee objec of this dinner? Well, thare air different opinions on thee subjec. Sum of thee fellers, who hev subscribed, air glad he's goin.—others air sorry—principally the Huntingdon chaps. Sum say hee's a jolly good feller, but he can't manage a hotel, nor run thee finanshel masheen, with John A. & Kartchee a drawin on thee bank. Others say he wants to git out of a kuntry which is rejuiced to thee last stages of konsumpshun, and hes to employ Captin Jinks, from Muskovado, for casheer. Thee fac is, John has played his last card, & is trumpd out. How beautiful it is to see our leadin pollytishuns a migratin to other kuntries, while sum poor ignorant kusses up to Ottywa are diskussin projecks for bringin out thee enterprisin & muscular emygrants from Europe to settle in our midst. They say thay air intent on developin thee vast resorces of our Doughminion, wich now extends from Gaspy Bay to thee Rocky Mountanes, & furnishes room enough to feed thee starvin millions of de rotten Europe. Well, we shall see; but I think our grate men are settin a bad example a emygratin to Europe. Whot field kin a place like London aford to a man who hez bin the Finanse Minister of the Doughminion of Kanady? Thee idee is ridikylus! It is troo we air rather run out for finanseers now, havin lately imported a poor specymen from a hot climate. But we air a growin an expansive kolony. Thare's Ryfenstine & yung Ketchum. It is troo thee former is in judicial diffikulties at present, & thee latter is on a short visit to the nashinall institooshun at Sing-Sing, but thay will be available soon, and we might wait; and thare air sum fellos who left Quebeck lately. Altho apparently thay don't like to kum back, still thay might bee injused ef thay were offered the hi post of Finanse Minister. But "revenue to our mutton," as thee butchers say. Ef thee citywashun hed bin offered to me, I wood hev replid: "Georgy, thare ain't money enuff in thee bank fur me, & yu hev borrod about as much as we kin aford to o, & I am dubious about thare bein any balance into the Treasury, or thee other fello wood hev staid in your employ. Thare ain't much enkouragement to finanseers in a kuntry whare thee natives air a runnin away from it. When I see a man regardin his nativ kuntry as a temporary restin place & a steppin stone to a kolonial governorship, or a clerkship in a small bank, methinks thare is sumthin rottin into

Denmark. Mi Betsy sez its like rats desertin a sinkin ship, & she woodn't do it ef she wos him. And, Georgy, I woodn't take offis in a administrashun whare thee sole object is to hold offis at enny expense. And I dont believe in a Koalishun Government. Its mity bad ile that mixes with water; & I think your reign is about played out. Captin Jinks, of the Muskovado Marines, will rooin you."

But a troos to these sad reflexshuns. In thee words of thee immortal Shakspeer, "Scots wha hay with Wallace bled." That must bee our motty now; & in konsequens, we must unite to form a helthy publik opinion, & to stik to thee boys who intend to stay in thee kuntry, & make it thare home. Let our motty be, in thee words of thee grate irish musician, "*Skead Milly Faille*," to all emigrants to this kuntry—except those frum Guiana. And let us, abuv awl, try & git sum honest pollytishuns at the head of affairs.

Yours trooly,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO STOCK RAISERS.

Although the CYNIC cannot claim to be a sportsman in the ordinary acception of the term, yet he takes great interest in all legitimate sporting matters. He, of course, subscribes liberally to the Montreal Hunt, and views with immense interest and admiration the inspiring spectacle of its gallant members—resplendent in their scarlet vestments,—going to or returning from the chase; though he rarely avails himself of the oft-repeated offer of a mount, from his friend the Master. Indeed, he regards the horse as a very noble animal, to be admired and appreciated from a respectful distance, as, notwithstanding the frequent *tanning* he received in his youth, the Cynical cuticle is not sufficiently tough for a more intimate connection.

The Philosopher is desirous of calling the attention of the sporting community to a remarkable article in the columns of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, in which the writer informs the public that "Black Sophia produced Birmingham and Beeswing—her two best runners—after she had *six or eight foals every year* immediately preceding the foaling of these two!"

This beats kittens! and DIOGENES earnestly recommends Mr. Cochrane, or some other of our great stock-raisers, to endeavour to procure, at any cost, this remarkable mare.

## EFFECTS OF THE LAST CARTOON.

DIOGENES cuts the following advertisement from the *Globe*.—

Wanted, by an American Gentleman, a correspondence with a number of Canadian Ladies. No notice taken of unpaid communications. Address "Milo," Box \*\*\*, New York.

The Cynic wishes, heartily, that, for the nonce, he could transform himself into a Canadian lady. The American "gentleman" should have a "correspondence" with a vengeance! Not one, forsooth, but a *number* of ladies wanted! DIOGENES would like to see the lady anxious to be a *Venus of Milo*. At the same time, the Cynic cannot compliment the *Globe* on its taste in publishing advertisements so equivocal as the above.

## VERY SIGNIFICANT.

The *Witness* of 24th has the following paragraph among its telegrams from Ottawa:—

It is understood that the charges against Reiffenstein will be proceeded with to-morrow before the police magistrate. *The jail at Aylmer will be proceeded with this fall.*

Rather hard on the "Prodigal" this.